

SQUEEZE

REVIEW

SPECIAL
EDITION!

\$2.50

Number 10

ADULTS ONLY



Indian Maiden

Watch out when she goes on the warpath.

She knows some interesting ceremonial dances!

Natella Brownfoot is an almost pure-blended American Indian. We say almost, because it is obvious that the blonde hair that tops her strikingly beautiful features never came from the Apaches. For all of that, nobody in her family knows where it might have come from, since their records indicate that there is no European blood in her system. The only thing they can figure is that when her mother had an accident a few years ago, she got run over by a movie wagon train, they must have used some Nordic blood in the transfusion she was given. Not a very scientific explanation, but then again, it's better than no explanation at all.



This Indian chick's worth heap big wampum, and
we don't mean corn chips.







In The French Fashion

When most people think of French fashion models they think of one of those extremely tall, extremely straight females (?) that you see wearing the top fashions at the spring showings.

There are other kinds of fashion models in La Belle France, however, and Vicki is an excellent example. She normally works for just two accounts, a bathing suit manufacturer, and a sleep-wear manufacturer. Since swimming is one of her favorite ways of spending a free weekend, the modeling of brief bikinis comes naturally to her, and as for the night-wear, well, she's French!

She has two good points in favor of La Belle France.

Money is an important consideration with her.





In The French Fashion

Originally from the Chateau region, she moved into Paris when she was sixteen years old to begin her career. She started off studying art at the Academy of Fine Arts, and also studied photography at the University of Paris. Not that she is interested in either painting or photo-

tography. She just thinks that if she can understand what the artist or photographer is trying to do, she can help him, and therefore end up with a better finished product. Better finished products mean, of course, more money for her services, and, in common with most other Frenchwomen, money is an important consideration for her.

She may not have the shape to model the top fashions, but then again, we like her the way she is. Broomsticks never appealed to us that much.







Not too many people remember the late, great show of the fifties which featured Froggy the Gremlin. The reason that not too many people remember that show is that it was lousy and nobody watched it, but that is drifting away from the story line and getting off the beaten path. The important thing about that show was Froggy the Gremlin.



GIRL MAKES GOOD



squeeze



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WHERE HAS SHE BEEN
ALL THIS TIME?

Roll that around in your mouth for a minute. Savour the feel of it as it caroms off one cheek, catches a rebound from your soft palate and lodges behind that mouldy molar in front of where that wisdom tooth used to be. The thing about Froggy was that he was a puppet. Not a great puppet, but a good, sturdy, frog puppet generally following the illustrious Rana Catesbeiana lines (except for the white gloves, a la Disney).



A GIRL WHO
GOT A BIG BREAK





ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS



Thing is, frog puppets don't make any noise. Got to supply that yourself, run in all the laugh tracks you want, if there's no GGAAAARUMMMMPH! they ain't gonna buy it out there in televisionland, Zing! On that phone, Tildy, Get me a frog impersonator! Dodi Lovit was waiting there for the call that would be the Big Break. Ding-a-ling! Grab that horn! Taxi, rush, studio, microphone-your big moment--here it comes, GGAAAARUMMMMPH! It's a HIT!

Nobody's seen her since until this instant, very, immediate moment that you clap eyes on her, *The Voice of Froggy The Gremlin*.

Where else?



WHERE ELSE COULD YOU SEE IT?

first class to

Danny Little flashed his lantern np along the massive door of the boxcar towering over him and checked the scal. Satisfied, he swung along to the next dark shape in the string of cars and did the same. The next two were flat cars so he moved on to the empties between him and the empty caboose.

"Almost done with this side," he told himself. "Lonly night to be a yard dick. Wet, dark and deserted - made to order for highjackers. Wonder what -"

Danny stopped in his tracks. Something had moved np ahead, near the door of the second empty boxcar. He flashed the light out around the area but saw nothing.

"Must have ducked in," Danny told himself. "Hobo, probably. Well, pal, here's one train you're going to miss. Better luck next time."

The door of the empty stood ajar. He swung up and flashed the light inside.

"All right, bnddy, come out of there. Don't make me come in after you and maybe get tough."

Nothing. Danny sighed. Why did they play it so hard way?

He slipped inside and in two long steps reached the dark form huddled in the corner.

"Out, I said! Move it." As he jerked the shoulder around, long curly cascading across his hand and wrist started him and he nearly dropped the lantern.

"What the ...?"

It was a girl. They stared at each other a long moment. She broke the silence first.

"Handle me easy, big boy. I'm not a side of beef."

Her voice was low and throaty, but he noticed there was a tremor in it. She was cold, maybe, or scared. He got his voice back.

"What are you doing here, Miss?"

She reached up and quietly took his hand from her shoulder before she answered. Danny didn't argue the point, but was surprised when she kept it in a gentle friendly clasp.

"Waiting for a train," she said. "Isn't everyone?"



pittsburgh



Danny moved the light around and studied her. It was a pleasure. She was small, almost like an Oriental, but few Orientals had a bustline like that. Dark hair, maybe brown or red, fell well below her shoulders and formed a perfect backdrop for fair skin and high arched brows. Her blouse was wet and clinging to her and what it did to her curves took his breath away.

"I'm sorry, Miss," he told her finally, "but I'm the yard detective. You'll have to get off."

"Oh, please!" She moved closer and the press of her fingers grew more insistent. "I must get to Pittsburgh, I just must. Couldn't you . . ." Her voice trailed off in a plea and Danny swallowed hard as the faint smell of perfume reached him. Don't find many hobs, he caught himself thinking, wearing perfume.

"No," he said sadly, "I couldn't. You'll have to get off. I'm sorry. It's my job."

She lowered her eyes. "I understand." When she looked up again she caught Danny staring at her, and she laughed outright.

For the first time in years, he blushed, and it was his turn to look at the floor.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "I don't blame you for staring. I must look a sight."

"You look just fine," exploded Danny with so much feeling it surprised him. "Incredibly delicious. I wish . . ." He squeezed her fingers gently with his hand and remembered numbly that it was the same hand that had left scars and bruises and broken ribs, the hand that had moments ago clamped her shoulder in an iron grip.

Suddenly her lithe form slipped close to his and he felt a tiny arm slide around his waist. As she pressed him close he became abruptly conscious of the fact that she was wearing nothing under the thin clinging blouse. The ripe warm breasts that had strained beneath the wet cotton and quivered as she moved before his light, now throbbed against Danny's chest, hot and firm, sending flickers of excitement and desire racing through him.

"Oh, God," he moaned. "Don't do that. I'm on duty."

She nibbled at his ear and laughed softly. "Well, you said I looked delicious. Don't yard detectives get an hour for lunch?"

"Why, hell, yes we do," Danny let out a deep breath. In one motion he put down the lantern and swept the tiny figure off her feet. Her arms went around his neck and pulled his lips to hers.





It was a long, warm kiss and when it was ended Danny continued to feel the tingle of it, on his lips and deep inside his mouth where her tiny tongue had danced.

"And ten minutes for coffee twice a day." Dimly he heard the yard engine switching somewhere off in the darkness.

Still holding her easily in his arms as though she were a toy, he carried her to the corner where she had first been hiding, and kicked straw and packing into a soft bed.

"I'll set you on your feet," he told her, "but just long enough to slip my coat off for something to lie on. It's damp but the lining is soft and dry."

His only answer was to set new fires with another hug and a tantalizing roll of her breasts against him. He rolled the door shut the rest of the way to insure that no one could blinder in, and extinguished the forgotten lantern. Before the light faded he saw her stretch out easily on his windbreaker and hold out her arms toward him. The hair on the back of his neck tingled with anticipation.

The jolt when the yard engine picked up a nearby string of cars caught Danny unaware. His hand, which had been cupped around her breast for what

seemed like hours, tensed involuntarily and the motion, together with the sudden noise in the dark boxcar sent her toward one more searing, quivering spasm of fulfillment. Her fingers dug into his bare back, sending rivers of flame all through him. Danny forgot everything but her, and he intensified the deep rhythmic probing to complete the ecstasy while slipping his hands down to grip the perfect buttocks as she arched her back in a frenzy of pleasure.

When the moment came again, as it had before, more times than he had dreamed possible, the two of them fell back, only pressing close enough to cherish briefly the sense of belonging that follows a perfect fulfillment.

Then, reluctantly, Danny sat up and listened to the yard engine and the activity outside their ear. "Time to go," he told her. In a minute these cars will be coupled to the long string. After that it's over the hump and gone."

He felt her tense up beside him in the darkness. He lay a moment more savoring the soft smooth feel of her bare skin on his arm, before he forced himself to stand up and start dressing.

He heard a rustle in the darkness as she started to follow suit.

"I'll leave the door open enough for you to get out," he said quickly. "Don't

leave until the first stop after you smell the steel plants."

There was a tiny gasp from her, then a flying body smothered him, two arms circled his neck and the tongue was once more wreaking havoc with his adrenalin.

"Bye," she whispered. "And thank you."

"So long. Look me up if you get back someday." He dropped to the ground.

"I will," her voice came down from the darkness. "Someday."

The two red lights of the caboose had become a blur almost out of view when Danny realized he was getting slowly soaked to the skin standing in a light rain in his shirt-sleeves. His coat was in the boxcar where the two of them had been cushioned by its warmth. He laughed softly.

"Riding the rods in style," he told himself as he started toward the dispatcher's office. "Sure hope she never decides to give her travel business to the airlines."





inside job

WHAT IS HAVING A CASTLE,
WITHOUT A PRINCESS INSIDE IT?

If you live in an upturned canoe, hole in the wall, log cabin, tree house, refuse bin, burean diawai, tile raft or chicken coop, STOP READING, it ain't for you, sport. However, if you're an urban type who digs a tool and foul walls, this number is for certain. Lotta Wang is an interior decorator, slightly pad-mad, to be sure, but talented.

Born and raised in Thailand, she attended design school at the capital, Poo-Ntang, at the Royal College of Interior Design. She worked there for several years before she tired of the extremely low Thai pay and came to the States where she now resides. Critics have applauded her "inscrutable" assemblages of colors and her "surprising" use of furniture to cover up bare spots on the floor.









SHE REALLY UNDRESSES THE PLACE UP.

IMAGINATIVE WITH FURNITURE

She certainly does decorate the old interior, doesn't she. One of these around the house, and who'd notice the unwashed dishes? Or anything else, for that matter. Shown here plying her talent, she converted a set of corners and doors into an experience, and that was just by being there, without doing anything.

When an interior decorator can decorate an interior just by being decorative inside of somewhere, you'd have to say that that girl was an interior decorator, by golly, you would! Or would you?



ANTIQUE AUTO

Article by Rolla S. Royce

When Cars were Cars



From this came the Edsel?

SHOW

Echoes of Yesteryear



Cockpit of the Stutz Bearcat

To most of us, keeping a car for more than the time the payments have to run is unthinkable. We're so brainwashed by the garbage that the Motor Industry grinds out that we can hardly wait to step right up and obligate ourselves for another three year stretch with a new smoghog that, really, looks just like everybody else's.

There are some people in the world who aren't such wild suckers, though. They've dusted off some of the Great oldies and put them back into shape. Or else they've had them since new, and made a fetish of preventative maintenance. The most famous of all is a *tra veindio* in Las Vegas named Bill Harrah. He has over one thousand live hundred of these old kettles! And you thought you had problems.

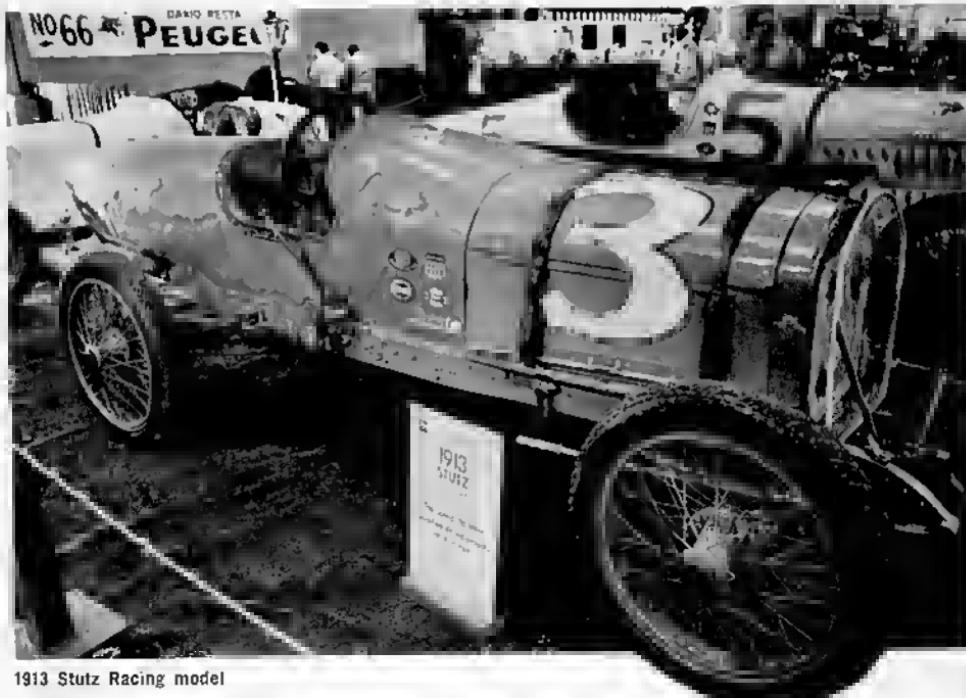
The cars pictured here, of course, were good even when they were new. They didn't make Edsels in those days; they built real automobiles. It's curious to look back to that time when a mechanic was a haircheated near-relative of a blacksmith, and not some ding-a-ling with a slide rule, and an Arrow collar and a closetful of new oscs.

Here in America we're supposed to have some sort of sexual hang up with cars. Comparing these old dudes with the sleds we drive today, I'd say we're in deep trouble.

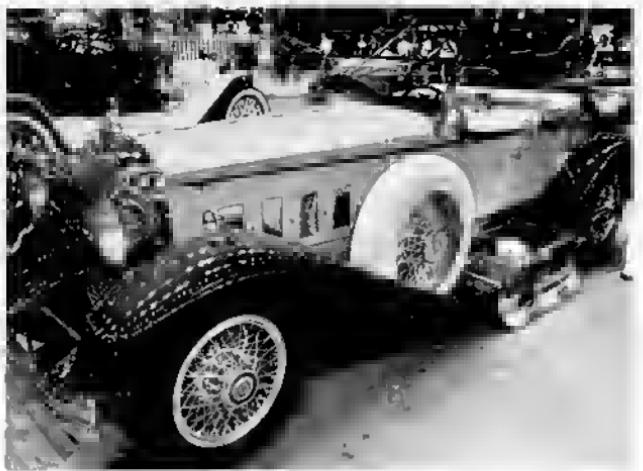
Standout of the show was the ever-popular t904 Baxter-Standard Speedy Puff (pronounced Pnll by the cognoscenti). It was a sixteen cylinder moncicle produced by an unknown Frenchman named Ettore Petitvui. So far as is known, this is the only example of the fine breed still existing today.

Clever readers will notice that the auto billed as a t906 Packard is really a 1910 Flying Fritter, the creation of the well-known Lotke Kertoffel, the German auto wizard who later raced, with great success d'estime, for the Italian firm of Soccittone e Jacuzzi in their immortal Moto-pedo Lesagne rapide 8.

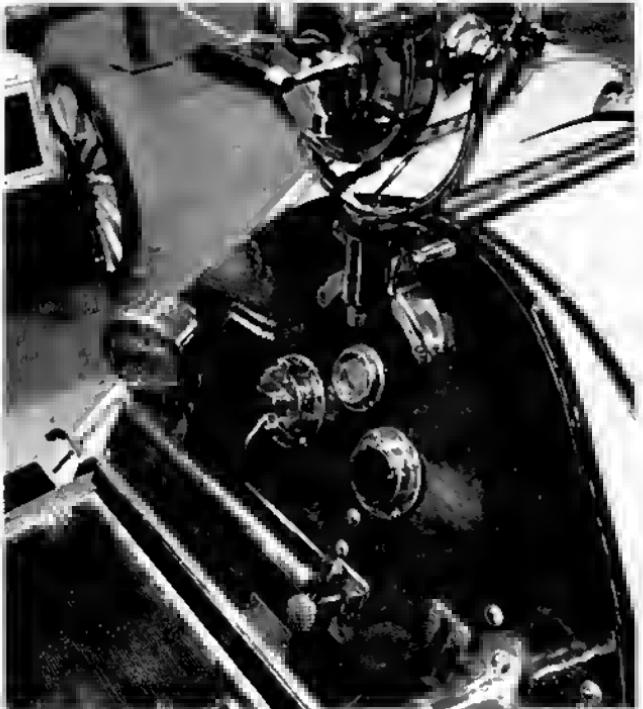
1915 Ford Speedster



1913 Stutz Racing model



Open Packard Touring Car



Controls of the Stutz Bearcat. Left to right. Pranger, Gottis, Frammis,
Grommet, Muffmeyer, Twifcher

Kartopial was fater killed in an early attempt to do crop dnting from a captive balloon, bnt that is an old story. He lives today chiefly in the imagination of those who can recall tha fine running of the 1911 Ovaland Grand Premio Paris-Madrid-Paris Cup d'Or. His car was the only finisher of thirty starters after two-hundred hours of whaal-to-wheel dnalling with daath.

Other stellar attractions of the show are the Smalwit Fancy Gant's Roadster, so-named for its elusive snar and noisy silencer; The 1914 Trailing Arbutus, the world's longest car; and the 1903 Spancian Sonnet, the world's list fourtaen cylindae phaeton.

It's easy to talk of fist's with these old heaps. Nearly everything that anybody did was done for the first time, because nothing had been done before. Originally was cheaper than. Think back to the Tryst Thruster, a by-product of the ideal that all four of a car's wheals should be on the same side ol the body (or negotiating tight bands). The Bullnose Morris Grand which had a body of tanned horsehide, so as not to startle cattle when flittering through the countryside. The Swallow-tail Canary Hnft, the list car to come in a two-tone paint job, pinc alternating with tinqnoise.

It harks back to a day when cars were beasts and needed reel men to handle them. Women drivers were unheard of, bnt not unheard from. They naturally started screaming about aquaf rights almost as the first four wheels started to roll independam of horses. The name of the first namby-pamby to allow his wife to take the wheel is not known, but if it were, his children would lead a long life. The first car built especially for milady's gloved hands was the Baroness Lafcadia de Vega's Morton Winsome Puff Dnstar which rolled out of the factory on October 17, 1907. It had contrary steering and horizontally opposed bangers, bnt that was nothing new. What set it apart from all the other cars of its day was the introduction between the dual bnmper prangs of an electric fritz, which automatically accounted for the strange noise it made in passing.

In a way I was sorry to see those days go.



show
and
tell



IS IT WORTH AN APPLE?

SHE'LL KEEP YOU AFTER SCHOOL, IF YOU'RE BAD



Beautiful Beulah Plaid is a schoolmarm in Upper Elk, Ark. and complains that the boys in her town are surprisingly slow learners. "Why I've got some boys in my eighth grade Biology class who have kept coming back for just years!" she says. A great believer in the more progressive theories of education, she believes that children should be shown rather than told how things are. Those Bio classes must get rather exciting at times.

"The part we all like the most is the nature trip," she smiled brightly. "We all get together with a picnic lunch and take a day off in the wild watching nature in the raw. The endless struggle, the survival of the fittest, all that natural stuff."

"Later on in the evening, when it gets dark and chilly, we all get closer around the old campfire and sing songs and tell spooky ghost stories that really





WHAT COULD BE MORE NATURAL?



scaie me. Oddly enough, some of the older boys get as scared as I do, and we snuggle up just to be close. Naturally I let them, rather than let them stay scared. It really warms me to know that all these kids get such a big bang out of being out in the wild like that."

When Spring rolls around, as it always does, every year, Beniah takes the kids out to watch the fun on the farms and show them a bit of Botany on the side. "Why some days I come back to my little flat so covered with grass stains from getting closer to watch the corn grow, that it takes weeks of washing before the green is gone. What other teachers have such devoted students?" Ponder that one, Pedro.

CAN IT BE THIS GOOD?



AN EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY





What was Charlie Really like?

Article by Raymond Lee

A DAY WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

"Cut!"

Hopping out of the director's chair wedged against the camera legs, Charlie Chaplin suddenly shortened his leap, straightened up and scowled at the two small boys who had been playing the scene. And the two small boys stared back as if Chaplin had turned into a giant. Jackie Coogan was one of the boys and I was the other.

The Time: 1919

The Place: Hollywood

The Picture: *The Kid*

Chaplin spoke like a school teacher.

"You know, we've shot this scene exactly forty times."

Squelching any possible doubters among the rest of the company, Chaplin continued: "I've been keeping count!"

After listening to his voice echo down the tenement street set, he walked slowly around in a circle, his hands flapping under his coat tails, his hair looking like a cat had just jumped out of it, his shoes belonging more to a duck than men. Twice he slowly walked the circle. Then a stop. A thought. A smile with every tooth in it. And doing his best to look simple, Charlie Chaplin closed in on us with confessional intimacy.

"Boys, this is a very simple scene. Very simple. Two boys fighting. All boys fight. Must be a million boys fighting all over the world this very minute. It's both in you--like tansils. But, boys, you aren't fighting. You're dancing with each other."

Chaplin turned to Jackie.

"Jackie, I realize that Raymond is twice your size and it is hard for you to hit him but if you will just follow my directions everything will be fine. You see, Jackie, fighting with a bigger boy creates sympathy for you. Understand?"

When Jackie nodded, Chaplin smiled and started flapping his coat tails again.

"Just remember David and Goliath."

Chaplin pulled at his nose as if it were putty.

"Lillian, you have told Jackie the story of David and Goliath?"

When Jackie heard his mother's hesitant "no" his lower lip quivered, his bobbed head sagged and his big brown eyes got bigger and looking first at his parents, then William Austin, the codirector, then Chaplin, he cried hard but failed to hold back two large tears that plumped on his cheeks.



Raymond Lee in his definitive role of the Bully in "The Kid"

Quickly gathering Jackie up in his arms, Chaplin dragged out a handkerchief from his trouser pocket and blotted out the tears. Finishing the tears, he worked on Jackie's nose making him blow it twice. Twisting one end of the handkerchief, he pretended to clean first one and then the other ear.

Jackie sniffed, trembled a little, but helped by the tickling in his ears,

pulled a smile across his lips and side-longing a glance at his "Daddy Dea" who had a hard time smiling through his own tears, gave Charlie Chaplin the hug of his life.

Chaplin slid Jackie to the sidewalk, motioning to Mr. Coogan.

"Bettie fix his make-up, Jack."

Taking my arm, Chaplin squatted us both on the curbing.



Charlie and Mack Swain in "Gold Rush"



"Raymond, in rehearsal the pattern I had you follow worked out fine, your footwork and body movements almost gave the illusion that Jackie was putting up a good fight. But every time we shoot it, the scene looks faked."

I felt my lip quivering so I hit it and watched a red ant slide down into a crack in the cardboard sidewalk. But I looked at Chaplin when I spoke.

"I know, Mr. Chaplin. But I feel like I'm fighting with my feet when I should be fighting with my fists," Chaplin said. "And since you aren't a kangaroo, it is a bit awkward."

Chaplin stood up. I stood up. Suddenly everything was quiet.

Perched on a stool behind the camera, Anstine put his finger to his lips. And Mr. Coogan, sitting beside the organ and violin players, shook his head from side to side. I found my mother's face in the crowd and felt better for her smile.

As Jackie rejoined us, Chaplin finger-brushed some excess powder on Jackie's right cheek.

"We must remember, Raymond, that this is Jackie's first picture while you've been acting for almost five years."

I have never felt so old then or since,

"Maybe the scene doesn't mean anything to you. Maybe that's it."

Chaplin extended his left hand to the director's chair as if he expected it to walk over to him. Plump Henry Bergman, his lifelong friend, brought the chair forward. Chaplin slouched into it. Suddenly his costume seemed too big for him. He didn't look like a giant now. More like a real little tramp. A frown pleated his forehead. As though he had been thinking a long time about what he was going to say, Chaplin's voice rose sharply against the hot afternoon quiet.

"Hunger. Hideous word. Most hideous of all tortures. Of course neither of you boys have ever really been hungry. God forbid! Your stomach like a balloon without air. Your heart in your eyes and your eyes without a friend."

Despite his heavy make-up, Chaplin's skin whitened, the lines around his eyes, stitches in a wound.

"There is hunger in this scene. Hunger makes Jackie steal Raymond's orange and hunger makes Raymond

Charlie and
Jackie Coogan in "The Kid"



fight for it. This is not an ordinary fight. It's been going on for thousands of years but still it isn't an ordinary fight." His hands visored the down-draught of sunlight.

"I've been so hungry I could eat a shoe!"

Cracking his knuckles, Chaplin leaned back in his chair, and capping his mouth, whispered to Anstin.

"I must sound like a damn fool talking to these kids like this."

Anstin slid off her perch and was still tall.

"Maybe if we took a breather, Charlie . . ."

My stomach suddenly felt like a balloon with hot air.

"Mr. Chaplin, I think I know what's wrong with the scene."

Chaplin's head intoned my way and drawing his knees up to his chin, he glared at me. I took a deep breath and continued.

"You see, Mr. Chaplin, Jackie and I are little boys. But you want us to fight like you fight. It may not seem like that to you but it does to me. How about you, Jackie?"

When Jackie nodded, there was no stopping me.

"If you'll just let us do it once for ourselves, maybe you'll see." Like a ducal hutler, Chaplin unwound from the chair.

"Very well, Mr. Raymond, you direct the scene. I won't even sit in my chair when you shoot it."

Jackie and I rehearsed our own fight a couple of times and then told Mr. Chaplin we were ready for the take. At the finish Chaplin shouted: "Print it!" He grabbed Jackie in his arms and kissed him because he was only four years old, and he shook my hand because I was nine. And as Charles Spencer Chaplin shook my hand, I came of age as an actor.

Charlie as Hitler in "The Great Dictator"



Charlie and his second wife Lita Grey



WATCH
THE
BIRDIE



Occasionally a magazine becomes too cluttered with mere flesh, and the readers begin to demand a touch of variety amidst all the nates and breasts. It is for that reason that several candid shots of this wild animal have been included. As any average man can tell, this is the legendary man-eating Parakeet, shown here eating dinner.

The man-eating Parakeet is a native of the infamous impenetrable Pacoima Jungle, which has never been mapped or even completely explored by civilized man. Vicious natives abound, to be sure, but their lives are a daily round of fearful forays out of their mud huts into the open to forage for food. During these searches they are constantly on the watch for the arrival of the dreaded Pacoima Jungle man-eating Parakeet.

Two in the Hand are better than any Number in the Bush





Would you believe Capistrano?

What is that little bird telling her?



Come Fly with Me

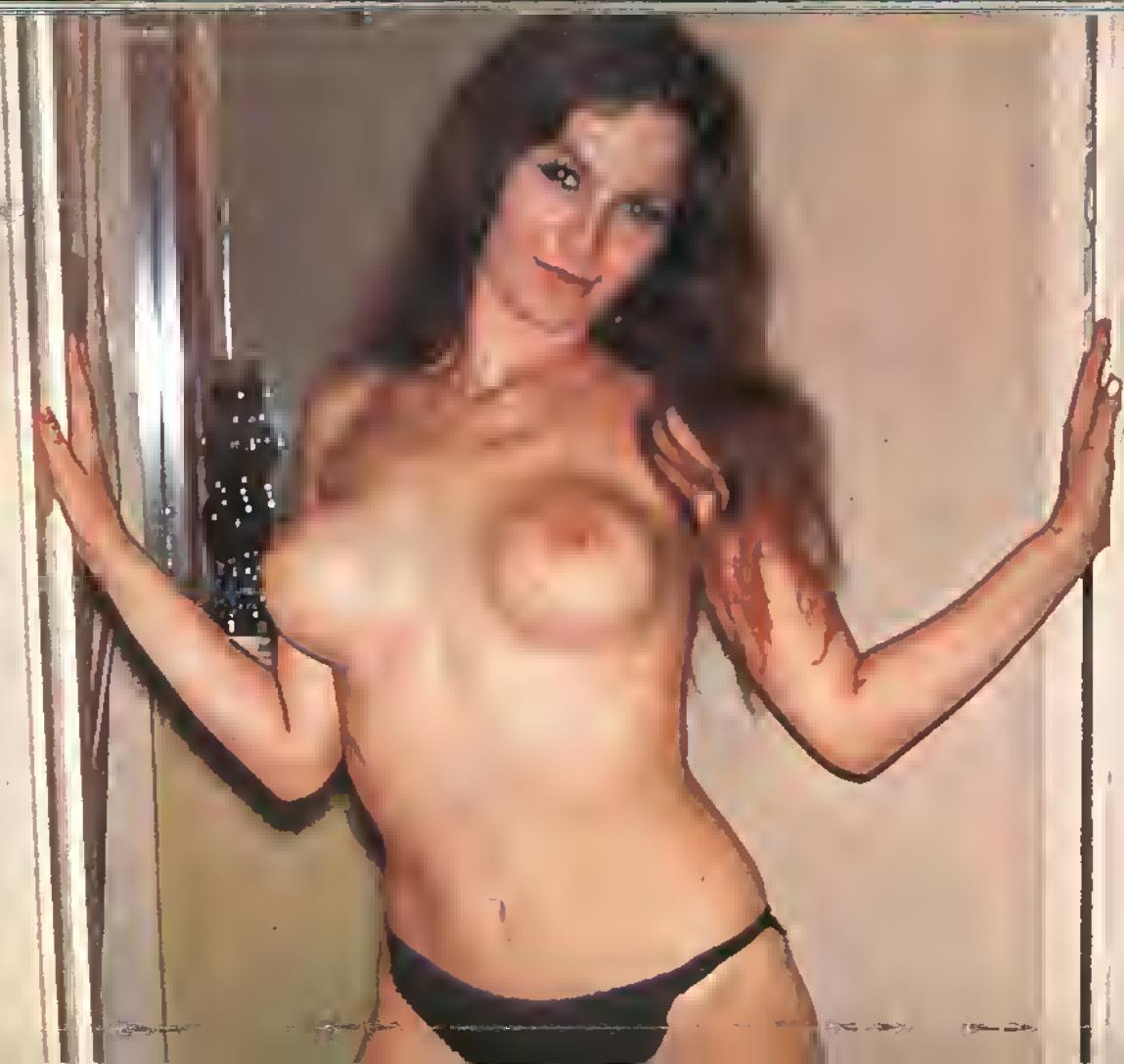
Lookouts are kept posted, but often the traditional warning shout of "Watch, the Birdie!" comes too late to save anyone. Snow-white clean-picked bones bear mute testimony to the savagery wrought by this feathered terror.

The photographer who took these pictures must be complimented for maintaining his cool under fire. The screams of the girl filled the room, and there was no guarantee that the snarling Keet would not attack him once the girl was finished off. Intrepid lot, these shutterbugs.





Hip With Paints







From far-off Dublin hails this young harpist. Formerly a member of the well-known Macnamara's band, she played the first parade harp in history. She is also one of the few non-Germans capable of executing the incredibly difficult triple-stop fretting of the 'B' string, called by harpists, to 'poon.'

There's no doubt she's a mammal



AS IRISH

AS

paddy's
pig

A Likely Story



Beautiful, Bountiful, Bawdy,
Biteable, Buxom Bobbies



*Yes, friends, you're gazing
one that rarest of the breed -- an
Irish, female, parade harpooner.
Her spirit unbowed by the gloom
that seems to haunt the happiest
Irish brow, she finds herself prone
for occasional fits of pleasure
during which she leaps back and
forth through the strings of her
harp from side to side. This is a
common Irish harp player's pas-
time and was done originally on
the grounds of Sassenach Castle in
the Highlands outside of Ploome,
County Dork. It is called
"Illusion" and is included along
with Hod-Carrying and Boozing as
sports in the All-Ireland Midwinter
Olympiad.*



All Kinds of Strings Attached



Bridget is not as fond of the color green as some of her compatriots. "They all get it from brushing their teeth with grass," she smiles wanly. "But my Fodder never let me do it." Nothing she owns is green except the money in her bank account and her lawn, (but it's not so much so as her neighbor's on the other side of the back, you guessed it, fence.) Lovely Bridget O'Donagal.

Something warm
for those winter evenings





PLASTIC

It's a sign of the times

Would you believe it's a Boy?
Frankly, it isn't. It isn't a girl
either. It's a WOMAN. A big,
vibrant, voluptuous earth-mother
ready to bury you in mounds of
warm, willing flesh.

Wasn't always like this. In
Dad's day she would still be a
nobody. Fortunately those clever
orientals, the Japanese, have
brought more to the world than
tiny transistors. They've found a
way to endow girls whom Nature
had forgotten!





Hip

Bettina Wansowski is right where it's happening these days, but she is also lost somewhere in the past. She's lost in the old "beat" generation, because, she says, "The beats knew where the world was. The hippies have found themselves a groovy life, but the beats were the only ones that were accomplishing anything important."

"Being in and trying for political change is a super thing to be doing," she went on, "but only through art and music can human nature and the world really be changed. Music and art are a reflection of the culture that creates them, and I, and the beats before me, are trying to reverse things, and make culture reflect the music that has been created."

The beats went expressionist, but the hippies brought in the psychedelic experience, and Bettina has combined the two. The most surprising thing about it is that it is being successful. Psychedelic art, especially when applied to clothing, is becoming common in almost every city in the country. And Bettina is one of the chicks that is helping make this a reality.



Bettina can be a psychedelic experience.





A Miracle of Modern Manufacture



Glad we got to know the
inscrutable little devils, or we'd
still be up to here in luckless girls.
Luck, luck, luck, goodydoojums.

This poor girl, without a trip
to Tokyo, would still be as she
was before she sent. Kneecapless!
Dig it! No kneecaps! Born that
way, more's the pity. No one to
hound for it or drag into court.
Couldn't collect for that lack of
joint there. What to do? Greely
(Horace, you remember Horace)
said, "Go west." She overdid it
and wound up on the Ginza going
under the knife.

A nick here and a slice there,
two polyestialidaniadingsazeno and
there were those long-to-be-seen-
there Patellas a-sparkling under
the tights. Oh, joy was unconfined
that noche, let it be known!

And they look so natural,
who could tell?



I nny, I do it

I've still got my
Traveller's Checks, so
I haven't lost everything.



Dear Ma,
These Parisian beds
are so short, it would be
impossible for me
to get into trouble.



Dear Frederic,
I've decided
to forsake you
for the quiet life
of contemplation
here in Tibet.





The Maids here at the hotel
give quite the best room service
you could imagine.
Love Bert



Postcards from A Broad



I decided to try one of the
laundromats. I guess my Gorman
isn't as good as I thought it was.

LAST OF HER KIND....

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Last surviving member of the infamous Lingam tribe, Yoni Lingam now makes her home in Pendulous, Me. The hardy life she led as a youth in Katchitall, Canada among the others of her tribe has stood her in good stead. The strength acquired by throwing full-grown Musk oxen to the ground (former sport of the former tribe) by their tails gave her a musculature that few girls can boast of.

Last of her kind, and a good thing that is. Peruse these pix a little closer and ask yourself if you'd like to wrestle one of these every Saturday night for firsties on the shower?

Those long, sleek, tawny, tapered, tasty twigs blossoming forth from the filmy briefs were brought to their luscious bloom by years of maneuvering through the ominous Maybeshe Woods in search of the elusive bull ox. More

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prized than the females, these brutes run a good eleven hundred pounds on the hoof. That's a lot of aurodupois, Nanook, and a lot of bull to throw.

Putting her girlish talents to work here in the States, Yoni is still throwing the bull, but now she does it for Benton, Barker, Dunstall and Oddwit Advertising of Mad. Ave. fame.





BEST

PER



Aura Yole, a Swedish bell ringer, her mother and other girls of the traveling troupe "Anra Yole And Her Swedish Belles" took a short break from the Night Club grind while in the Mediterranean to see the famed GREAT PYRAMID OF KHUFU, which is in Giza, near the Nile. They had no more than dismounted from the bus when they were set upon by a horde of blood-thirsty, drooling Berber body-mongers on the lookout for slaves.

Taken, with dispatch, to the flesh market in Marrakech, the lot were quickly sold. Fast enough to please even the randy Nomads who are never angry. Her mother and her troupe, that is. No takers for Aura. Poor Baby.

Left to the tender mercies of the wholesalers, who seldom see the sea, she was passed from horny hand to handy horn, gaining a noteworthy familiarity with the Moroccan Coast. Sold, at last, in a mixed holding including three sheep, a camel and a worn-out tent, she returned to Sweden in a shipment of condemned meat destined for the doggie food cannery.

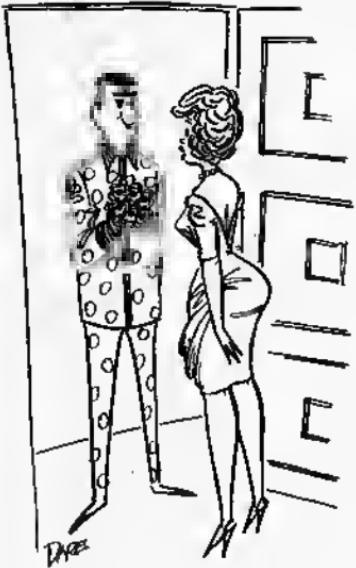
Those are not what you think they are



She's got it. What is it?

Realizing at once what a
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until she was freed at last through
the good offices of the Swedish
P.C.A. to whom she owes her
legiance to this very day.





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cartoons

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Just another of life's little tragedies.



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Evelyn hopes to retire to her rancho in a week or two, if all goes well.





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Lonesome Laura



Poor Laura has problems, and maybe you, our reader, can help her out. You see, this poor little chick is sitting home all alone, and she can hardly bare it. You see, Laura is one of those girls that just can't stand being alone. They have to have a man around the house all the time, or they feel miserable. That's what Laura is. Miserable, that is. Ever since her last boyfriend ended up in the hospital with a case of extreme exhaustion. Working too hard, no doubt.

So, Laura's looking around again for someone to love...Not somebody special—just a man. ▲

man who loves to be loved. When a chick like Laura is ready, willing and able, she should be able to find someone, but she says that it isn't that easy. But after the last guy, any male who isn't ready for the undertaker will find a happy home with her.

Almost every night she gets undressed and lies down on the bed, waiting and hoping that the phone will ring. So, there you are guys—she's waiting just for you. I sure wish we had her phone number to give you, but we seem to have lost it somewhere. How's that for an anti-climax? ▶▶▶



She needs a man around the house.



She's looking for someone to love.

Her last boyfriend ended up with a case of extreme exhaustion.



If you aren't ready for the undertaker, Laura can be yours.





She's a reflection.

Luneson
Laura



Laura has problems, but they won't last for long.





Wanda The Wonderful



Wanda isn't exactly what you would describe as a little girl. Among other things she's big enough to have a swinging pad on Hollywood's Sunset Strip, and she's big enough to hold down a job as an execu-

tive secretary at the International Trade Commission's west coast office. And what's more, we think that she's big enough to keep us very, very happy for a long, long time.

As a matter of fact, we've



Wanda The Wonderful

heard that Wanda is big enough to keep a lot of guys very happy, and right now most of her private life is

taken up in the pursuit and purveyance of pleasure and happiness. Wanda spends virtually all of her time meeting new people, both on the job and off, and when she isn't

working it isn't too hard to spot her in one of the Funset Strip's swinging nightspots. Just look for the biggest crowd of men, and Wanda is sure to be in the middle.

"I love variety," Wanda says, "both in people and in places. I guess you might say that I'm a little flighty, but right now I just want to go out with as many men as I can, and see as many different places as I possibly can. Don't get me wrong. I'm not a tease. There's nothing I like more than an intimate relationship with a man, but so far I haven't found the man of my dreams. Until I do, I guess I'll just have to keep looking."

Wanda, please feel free to look our way anytime you want to.





She digs pleasure and happiness—both giving and receiving.



She isn't exactly a "little" girl.



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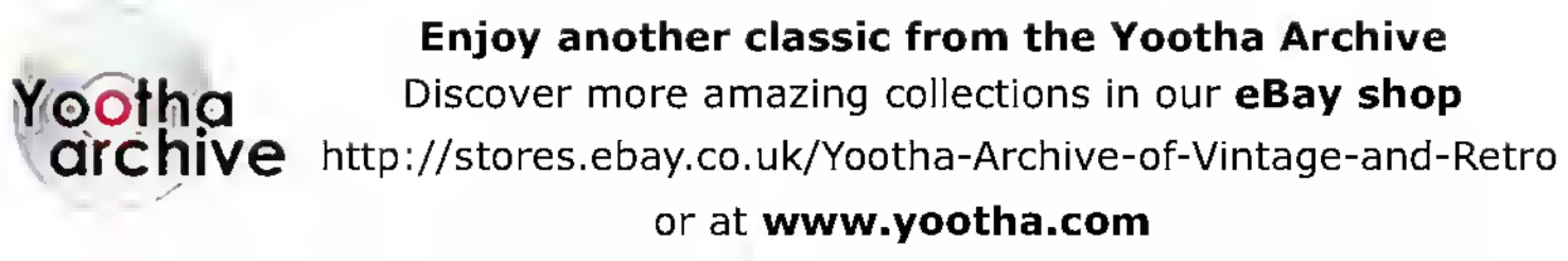
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